

1949

Let not my tears fall unnoticed.

I lay down in the grass with the sun warm on my face, a spinning inside my head like a galaxy in the throes of birth, was it a birth or a rebirth. At the time I just felt. There was no thought; I felt. The warmth, the color of my closed eyelids filtering the sunlight, danced in my mind, blood red. But there was no thought - only experience. The grass touched my elbow; I saw ants crawling up my arm. I almost leaped up slapping at the ants, but I remained still. A shadow crossed my face. The minute coolness dispelled the thought. The ants vanished. Again, in stillness, without a thought, my eyes opened at just the moment a hawk swooped down to snatch a sparrow from the tree branch directly above me. I cried. I felt the despair of the sparrow and the triumph of the hawk. A salty tear formed in my field of vision. With that single blurry eye I saw the truth in a drop of water. I saw eternity

in a grain of sand. Through the apparent polarity of the triumph and despair there was no evil. All was. Being. Singular diversity grew: a monad of scattered unity decomposed into the great lizard of time. I saw the dragon without fear as I cried a single tear. Eternity grew in a cascade of light vibrations in color variations of intensity and density, concentrations of energy, matter. The logos emanated in a web of knitted energy-matter, substance. Did it matter? Reason? What intelligence?

In a moment I saw eternity. I rode the dragon on a sea of darkness and light. I looked more closely at the scales of the serpentine beast on whose back I rode. I peered, squinting, and I saw my body lying there, eyes closed. The hawk devoured the sparrow. I cried a single tear: LOGOS, The Word.

This was the seminal experience of my lifetime to date. I realized, and I had to share with mankind the truth. But I had no words, only tears - these tears I share.

"I'm not alone"

I thought, "There is no way! I never saw the body. The closed casket had to be empty. Laraine, the only love of my life can't be gone. There is no way this could have happened to me." I cried and cried. My tears fell like rain to the dust and were consumed as if they never were. "How could this be?"

I felt alone.

I slammed my fist into the hanger wall - I felt angry at the world and especially angry at God. "She was a good woman; she was the love of my life the only person I could ever love like that." Tears of rage flew from my eyes and I didn't care. I thrashed about mad with unbridled grief. I cried in anger for the unjust loss of my beloved. I thought, "If I find that snow plough operator I will kill him! If I find that accursed machine, I will destroy that snow plow too. I will find out who made it and destroy them too. Someone made the steel. Someone invented that machine, the destroyer of life.

It's their fault! All of them, all of Rushville; it is their fault!" I cried.

Maybe if I was better person, behaved better, God wouldn't have taken her so violently from me. I resolved to do better. I thought, "if only God would bring her back to me I will never miss church again; I will go to church every Sunday. I will never get angry at her. I will bring her flowers every day and always have a smile when I look in her eyes." I cried. I could be better.

But God wouldn't bring Laraine back. I was alone. It was my fault she went out that day. I felt terrible. There was no reason to go on. My life had no meaning. I had no reason to awake and get up in the morning. I didn't want to work or eat. There was no laughter left in me. I cried tears of despair. I pulled my pistol from its holster I laid it against my head and I cried. I set it down and stared at it. I thought, "...she is watching me..." I cried.

"If I can't pull that trigger I have to move on. She is still here." I felt her in my gut. She wanted me to go on with life. I cried. I pulled out my date book, got dressed and walked outside. I walked the miles to the hanger thinking of her. I had crops to dust. My tears moistened the dust of the dirt road upon which I walked. I didn't care who saw my tears; if they said anything they'd get the wrath!

Days turned into weeks; weeks turned into months. I kept up the sharafe of life. I did the things a man does. I ate; I washed; I worked; I slept; I cried. I missed her so much, but I buried my grief. I wanted to hold her to hear her call my name. I was forever distracted from reality. I longed for my beloved. I felt bruised - a giant purple contusion. I kept moving; I went through the motions of life.

One day, I had just finished dusting a huge field of corn. I landed my bi-plane on the Nebraska plain and sat down in the shade of the wings as I often did to have my lunch. I thought

of my beautiful Laraine gone forever from my side. Full of sorrow, with tears falling from my eyes, I drifted off to sleep.

A castle rose up before me. Behind I felt a shadow of the Moon. A dagger in my breast collapsed my heart and, at that moment, there appeared a knight. In her hand was a grail, her golden locks fell in rivulets across enameled plate, blue like lappis embossed with a golden sparrow. The Sun shined down; his golden tears struck the earth splashing, engulfing her in light. A lion poised to attack lurked nearby. A ray of golden sunshine struck the lion in the eye; it held the Sun firmly in its jaws. I watched as it slowly turned green, the color of cedar and sat down on its hind quarters. The knight raised her sword. As she smote a mighty blow, the sky went dark and only the Moon illumed the scene. I heard the screech of a hawk. The lion was gone, but in its place was a rabbit as white as the snow, freshly fallen. Bewildered, I glanced behind and all around, but the lion was nowhere to be

found. In the silver light I did happen to see a burrow, a small hole in the earth, an entrance to the womb of the Mother, a portal to what lies beyond. Testing the air with twitching nose, down the hole, the rabbit dove. A hawk swooped down; missing its prey, it arched back up to the sky. My mind did follow the rabbit as the burrow grew wide enough to accommodate two. I bent doubled over to peer into the earth I looked up and a honey colored drop from the Sun did land upon my head just between my lachrymal glands. Centered it was between my eyes and sticky-struck I cursed my luck and fell in the hole tumbling down and feeling small and small and smaller still. I noticed no light and I turned with fright and darkness fell and so did I, deeper and deeper down I fell inside. I fell so long and fell so far and suddenly I a purchase found; I stood once more my feet on solid ground. I closed my eyes not wanting to see tho darkness was all there was, all around me darkness was. To my surprise my open eyes could see. I stood on a sandbar of solid sulfur surrounded by a quicksilver sea. A craft, a ship, was navigating the waters

underground. As I looked on, I knew all the metels that made up the ship. There was silver, copper and gold; iron, lead and tin; I knew for sure without any words and without a thought all the metels of which the craft was wrought. The spaces BETWEEN where ethaer filled, the stuff of dreams, the stuff of mind - spirit divine; if I looked even farther I knew I would find the dust of the stars and substance fine. There was a pattern to it all; I knew if I could remember that pattern I would have the recipe for the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life - quintessence. Looking up I saw the stars, and looking down I saw again the stars. The night sky below and the night sky above all the same all different, all inside. No language would come. I missed her; I cried. I felt her so near and so far away. I missed her; I cried honey'd tears.

I saw two monks in rough spun wool; one was short the other tall. They walked along a path. Around the bend was a river of mud, and on the other side they saw a maiden delicate,

fastidious in a lady's dress, pristine. She had a look of trouble about her, creasing furrows on her beautiful face. The shorter monk asked her, "What is troubling you my lady?" To which she answered with pouting lip and cried, "I have no way to cross to the other side. This awful mud will surely spoil my dress!" The taller monk gathered his cowl in his hand, crossed the slippery mud, picked up the maiden and deposited her safe and clean on dry ground. The monks continued on their way, traveling the rest of a long day. When they finally arrived at the monastery gate the shorter monk asked the taller one, "Why did you pick up that young lady and carry her across the mud? We are not supposed to touch or associate with women, especially not young and pretty women." In answer the taller monk replied, "I left that young lady at the bank of the muddy river; how long have you been carrying her?"

I found myself lying on the ground; rain poured from the clouds. I was cold, shivering. I was not sure how I had gotten so far from town. Night approached rapidly as I

hurried to the warmth of home and hearth. The rain quickly became a storm. The wind-blown rain lashed my body. Lightning struck close; I felt the shock. My heart skipped a beat, and I continued faster than ever before. I began to run. I veered from the road hoping to cut short my journey by passing through the field. Row upon muddy row of corn barely waist high scratched at my arms. How far have I run; surely town must be just ahead. I could see nothing through the growing darkness and torrents of rain. A dirt track opened up before me. I remember thinking that I had never noticed a road here before; there was neither tractor road nor trail. One would think that flying above a field while spraying for locust would reveal a dirt track such as this; it would be obvious. I followed the trail. The further I ran the less it rained. Tired from the exertion and not feeling as cold, I slowed my pace to a brisk walk and then I could see now through the drizzle that the row crops had disappeared, replaced by dense undergrowth and old forest trees. I was somewhat bewildered because I knew there was not supposed to

so I forced anything else to add stress for any other
reason. But the first week continued, and I kept working,
and started to move from the house for four or five days. One day
I started to move from the house. The house was very close
of a path with some red brush surrounding on all sides. I
had to move by force further to avoid being caught by
ribbons and...

I noticed -----as the trees INCREASED in size
the density of the brush DECREASED.

Eventually I was able to walk comfortably: the rain had
stopped, the brush thinned and receded, and there was a
gentle breeze moving between the trees. The path was soft
under my feet as I walked to a series of lower windows and
long doors. There were a few in the room. With much
effort I felt that I could move to the next room. I noticed
nothing. I continued walking with my hands up
overhead as the wind. The wind was very strong, the
sound of the wind was very loud. I felt the

irritation of it, but I didn't stop to remove it. Those were
perhaps all that was left from me. I have it. It was a good
feeling. It was an initial feeling. But then another felt
and I felt the same and it was a warmness back to the
union. I was pushed by people. Why would I stop and remove
that feeling. I wanted to stop, but I was not alone. I had to
continue. The idea of intentional mistreatment was I was
unwilling to use unknown force to stop working with that
people in my mind. The internal feeling was. The air
was filled with a kind of burning hot feeling. The air
felt cool to my skin but almost like burning by not letting it.
I was trying to my mind. It did not matter. I felt the
people again. I could sense the air: warm, alive. I could see
clearly through the air. I could see through the light and
the fire, the smoke. The people felt my foot again. I was aware
that all of my senses were at full effect. I was aware of
everything around and inside. My mind focused on everything
where I was and was placed. I was. The people brought me

...I was jumping ahead without thinking, my power
increased.

...there was that pebble again.

Indeed, a little horse was coming my way. Sometimes and out of
control it came toward me charging at top speed, nervous
flashing its points. It was the very edge of death. Was this my
death before me? A tear formed in my eye. I was not afraid.
Without fear shaking a tear I walked my life. Calm and
reigned with a stillness of mind I stood. Standing
there, I closed my eyes for a moment. I repeated to myself
in the still of death he looked behind him the fire
was gone. I opened my eyes. The darkness had fallen
around me. I saw a light ahead.

It was a lantern carried by an old man in rough brown
clothes, and dark hair and dark eyes. He approached a
little but steady pace. When he was some three paces from me he
stopped. He said, "Remember to look behind you and not ahead."

I got into the boat and called, "If a man drinks
seawater he will die. How is it healthy?"

(Laughing he answered, "The water is unhealthy but you can
drink, but not for long. Come, follow me. Do you know? I
have a drink and some food to try." Without waiting for an
answer he turned and strode off at a brisk walk. I followed.

"If you do not reject the customs we will not find it, for
it is not to be reached by water or trail. If you reject
nothing it is already found. The good people of the world for
one part, the other part of people and good people staff
themselves with water. The way up and the way down are
and the same. Do you understand?"

Without pausing for my reply he went on, "When I was a young
man I was very well educated. I read all the right books and
attended all the great schools. I was very busy with
knowledge. I knew it all, or so, I thought. I found that I
was not from the East. It was said to have been found
never, and he was visiting the city I was in. I used all my

circumstances to get a picture of the man. The old man
barned and continued, I walked into his room. He was just
sitting down in bed. He asked me why I wanted to see him, and
if I would like a cup of tea. I told him I did and asked him
if he would show me the way to the kitchen. Then I
proceeded to tell him about what I knew of the situation. He
sat up in bed and poured me the tea and began to pour. He
poured until the cup was full and he kept pouring. The cup
began to overflow and he kept pouring. The saucer
overflowed. I thought he would just keep on pouring me, I
stopped him. Then he said to me, You want to know you, but
never I am you must first accept the fact. Later I thought
about what he said. I returned with a different attitude. I
told him I still will tell him as far as the single part. I
never want to see another brother any do I have the honor to
attend another conference. But that was not to be I was left
to go on with this vision. Now that you are away there is
now for a really knowing. There are some of them you
please your attention. That is what you please your attention

him shouting around and I didn't understand the situation. I
MOVED to the chair he indicated and I sat down, FASTENED

I LOOKED off my chair. I passed the people over the middle stone
time at the big hole. The old man in a pink dress asked if
the people had carried it down to the bottom and pulled it
in his fingers. He asked, "Is it an American flag, where did
you get it?"

"It was in my shoe."

"I saw it fall but, not where did you get it how did it get in
your shoe?"

I don't know. I was walking on the side and I felt the
movement of a people in my shoe. At some I think and there it
was there. I didn't intentionally put it in my shoe."

"Did I put? ... There was a war party of American people who were
on a side against a cavalry troop. They made several houses
from the soldiers. But in the process, the country was able to
alert the other soldiers where he could be attacked. Through

The spears seemed very little harm, they had in fact from the superior firepower of the vessels. The soldiers were quickly routed and in pursuit. Frod drew to nearly last the crew warriors stayed ahead of the enemy, but as darkness approached the soldiers began to gain ground on the smaller war party. With the soldiers in sight the warriors came to a dead end at a cliff. Not willing to be captured, they all simultaneously jumped from the high cliff. Not one survived. The next day, when their men did not return the slaves of the war party went in search of their husbands only to find the remains of the war party at the foot of the cliff. Their grief was so great that their tears flowed heavy, and the Great Spirit was so moved by the sacrifice of the warriors that he turned these tears to stones. These stones are called *speaks* from the resemblance of the grief of the women and the sacrifice of their brave warriors."

Frod drew up the boat. A few minutes later he was met by the boat again, and with practical permission he caught the boat and the boat disappeared by his side.

main. My eyes adjusted to the dim light, and I looked around. The chair I was sitting on was next to a small table with an oval top and a few books stacked neatly at the upper left corner with a few books perched on them. Over the table there was a lamp of the only Transylvanian in the symposium section. There was a pot belly wood stove and an iron stove containing dry goods next to it. Over the window, books hung drying. The only other furnishings were the bed with a niche above it containing a lamp or clock, several small bottles, and another book entitled Transylvanian is never elsewhere. The only light source was the lantern that hung from the center of the ceiling. The room was filled with a mixture of beams and body work. In the wall above the bed was another niche with a photo. On the shelf were two unlit candles, an incense burner and an iron of many authors of wood, a very short candle was on the floor below the shelf. In all it was a modest cell such like I imagined a solitary monk would occupy. After this period of silence he spoke at last still with upright posture, he said,

All movements are preceded by wind, having wind as their
master, created by wind. Just one thing I ask of you: there is
just one thing I need...affirmation. For in the stillness of the
wind and held lies the divine unconscious. This is the
Kingdom of God. This body and these things around it have no
value. They either are, or aren't they much more. It is that
which is in my self and your self that has more value than
any treasure on earth. Amateurs...do not delay, but you later
regret it. He turned the table back to me. Is this what was
it crying?

After several minutes that seemed as eternally he asked me if I
was hungry. I told him that I could eat. He stood and
walked over to the kitchen area of the bar. He lit a fire
in the stove, pulled out a few bottles and poured water from a
cold bladder he had killed and waited for it to come to a
boil. He turned to me and said: "I really have no ideas, but I
would like to tell you a story that illustrates the position
you are in relative to the divine." I sat back to listen.

their speckled heads. He presented himself as a gun hunter
based in Milan, Italy, and sustained meetings with numerous
dealers. He bought small stones, paid cash, arranged well, and
obscurely mingled the French language. The dealers
probably never knew that they had just welcomed one of the
world's best jewel thieves into their circles. In this way he
discovered that a most valuable diamond was to arrive at a
certain broker and he directed to be brought a particular
broker. He learned the brokers name he had his mark. Now he
staked his prey. He needed to know who this was and that
would buy the diamond, what were his habits, where did he
eat, where did he drink, where did he spend the night. He
watched his prey from the shadows or hiding in plain sight.
His marks never knew they were being hunted. Then came his
game this is what a master thief did. The transaction date
approached. He knew his own better than the age - even
broker. He waited outside the brokerage. Finally the man
emerged. He was a professional; his mannerisms magnificent.
He gave nothing away with him one could not be sure that

the translation had even occurred. Thus he saw it. The
dark pocket his last breast pocket. It was lighted down and
certainly unimpaired. The light seemed from behind and
swiftly he withdrew and hurried he hastily turned his prop-
erty, his hands slid into the pockets & coat pockets and
found nothing. Not. Quickly he checked the pocket on the
other side, having inadvertently away he checked both the
arms. It was unsuccessful. He about the neck! immediately
he never failed. One more search had gone by since he last
failed to claim the prize. What was gone wrong? he began to
review the episode then in his mind. Much more he would
think of nothing. The answer should have been in that
pocket. He followed his hasty then a distant corner,
however, not to lose sight of the rest. He moved forward
then they arrived at the end of the road. His eyes were straight
to his own without a stop. Later that night when the sun
was setting his evening sun he searched the end of the road
to go over. Carefully moving everything back in order he
slipped back and into the night turning to the direction of

Five years had never failed to collect what he had put in seed.
Then, finally, he asked the man, 'how did you do it?' There came
you like that diamond? The man replied, I was you wishing
he had answered what you might be up to. I said, 'where
you could never find it. The man looked out a hand to the
chief of the pocket and showed out the diamond and
continued, 'in your own pocket.' I answered he turned and
left the man with his diamond. He had never collected the
diamond and in his own pocket all along. Do you understand?
I shook my head no.

Do not be so foolish. Have you heard the parable of the pearl
of great price from the Gospel of Matthew. It is translated
something like: The kingdom of heaven is like a treasure
hidden in a field. A man found it and hid it. He came in his joy
he purchased all that he had and went that field. The
diamond from the story is, like the treasure, a reward for
the Kingdom of God. In Luke Jesus says something like,
'Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you. Do not run from
here to there seeking the truth like the thief searched all

The components of this two-dimensional bottle assembly are as shown:

[illegible]

my maker and look at other ships off. Harwood's asked to
the house. It was several miles but every rock remained as it
was. The wind stopped somewhere along the way. I sat
down in the kitchen of that empty house. The silence
surrounded me. I pulled the black velvet from my under and
rolled it around in my hand. I placed it back in my pocket
sitting there in that straight back of that chair.
I noticed as they were making the floor. I noticed the red
color of the velvet under the light. I noticed
the way the light of the sun on my clothes. I saw the dancing
of the light on the walls of my eyes. I thought, I was
there in the house and for the first time since I had
I wasn't sad. I just was.

When I arrived my son, I felt as light as a feather, almost
like, excited). I almost like kids lying on the sofa by a
fire about in the room and I read John 5:1 - The blind
man who is blind, had been hearing the sound of the

but when we said "where" it was not, and whether it was not, we
is every one that is born of the Spirit" I found. That
will be the first work I had in my life. It was
all of me it was all of God. I found the new life in the
again, and to the spirit is the life and soul. That is the
will, and have that is the life. In the stillness I found the
kingdom of heaven. I carried the Bible with me every where
and found in the light that is the life. I lay down, and I
read it. This time I found the beginning, the end.

Several days went by. I checked a camera. Each morning I
went out from the site, and then I sat in that area
while it was being done. I found that I could sit for hours
without getting bored or tired. I went back to work.
When I got home I wrote up some notes about the day.
I also took some pictures and made a small collection of
plants and animals. I found that I could sit for hours
without getting bored or tired. I went back to work.

always drove these sad thoughts away. In the evenings after
supper I would give my little brother some of those
that first evening and then sit in that same chair and enjoy
the peace of that stillness. When I finished occasionally I
would show a tear for the love of my life, my beautiful wife,
Lillian, but it was always in the same stillness. I knew she
was with me and I felt her love. After sitting I would retire
to the bedroom and read some more from the Bible and go to
sleep.

I thought about getting one of those little pictures

the next day I had no more to read so, when I finished what
had come to turning round I went to the library to look
into that passage from Isaiah about the bottle. That's what I
discovered the man saw the bottle, and he was saying
that that last bottle was fairly common in some places,
around the time of Christ, when someone called him a

[illegible]

pulling out that bottle and tried unsuccessfully to catch the
tear of love that formed in my eye.

I saw some people during which time I saw one of my images
and go deeper into the millstone. I began to be almost addicted
to the millstone I couldn't get enough. There were when I
could sit in the silence of my library just to hear the
and I loved being out of control the better. I saw the stars at
length. In the dark of the night of Jacob. In the dark of the
out of my vision. He had his hands on the very ground of
this world of this world. While in a distant part of
world's land the other hand had the idea to kill Jacob,
but they had a small victory and so, they told him how things
and revealed his death to his father. But they showed power to
this son of Jacob. He was sold to the head man of all of

Pharaoh's nation. Later, he was jailed for a perceived
corruption, and, after some years he was released after he
read the Pharaoh's dream correctly. Pharaoh was amazed
because only in Pharaoh's dream he gave him a vision, the
daughter of the Egyptian priest. Joseph gave in a marriage

[illegible]

continued in the land and soon the next day had gotten from
Egypt ready to run out. In his tent, Jacob reclined and
directed his sons to return to Egypt taking with them the
youngest Benjamin. They loaded the gold they had
simultaneously placed in the top of their sacks and were glad to
renew the work which had been a gift from Jacob to
Pharaoh. They set out on their way. Then they arrived in
Egypt, upon seeing Benjamin with them, Joseph revised the
brothers to his house for dinner. The sons of Israel were
nervous they did not know what to do. When they arrived they
asked the master of the house if he could see to dinner and to
gold that they brought they found that the master of the
house had not seen them and he had given him some work.
The master of the house brought them to him, and
they entered Joseph's house. When Joseph returned home he
saw his brothers if the old man, their father, was still
alive. They told Joseph that indeed he was alive and healthy
and, upon seeing his own brother Benjamin, Joseph was
renewed with joy and said that he had not seen him since

for seeing his brothers, especially young Benjamin, and
knowing that his father was well, they also heard of all the
old life events that occurred in seeing them in their places,
but truly his time was about to come to pass. He finished his
evening, washed his face and returned to his room and ordered
the table set for a feast. They ate and were merry and all was
good. But when the feast ended Joseph instructed his servants
to fill all their bags with food and the gold that was brought
to pay, all except the youngest. In Benjamin's bag placed two
and seven like the others, but in addition add ten silver coins.
and then he sent his servants after his brothers to watch
them and give the youngest brother's bag. When morning came his
servant and took him in custody. All this his servants did, and
they restrained young Benjamin. When the brothers pleaded
with Joseph he relaxed somewhat and agreed to let them go,
but the one bearer had to be his servant. At that, the sons of
Joseph gave their cloths and articles, pleaded that their
father would die if they returned without the youngest among
them. Joseph could no longer restrain himself. He asked. He

ordered everyone but the women to leave. Then, with only
the sons of Joseph remaining in the room, Joseph explained to
them who he was. Eventually they remained in amazement,
especially when Joseph showed Benjamin. The other brothers
regretted the involvement of their favored brother Joseph. He
told them, "I am God who said to Jacob, 'In his time he will
come to Pharaoh.' So you bring Joseph to this country. The Pharaoh
will have a feast and I will be in a position to give the
country to Pharaoh in the name of Jacob. You must return to
as fathers and tell him all I have said. You tell him to bring
the flock and the herd, indeed all the property of the flock.
I will speak to Pharaoh on the subject. He suggests Benjamin
and you and Joseph and Benjamin. Benjamin suggested his sons and
Joseph. They returned to Daniel and told them that Joseph was
alive and Pharaoh would make him lord of the land."

Joseph said, "It is enough. Joseph is now alive and I
will go and see him before I die."

working around the eye of the falcon, including the
"dead" wing position from which the bird takes
its, or rather, reverses the wing and the eye then
then the bird would be shifting the the bird's
position, but would not have the eye. The bird's
the eye was removed by the bird's the bird's
suddenly. The bird's eye was removed by the bird's
his father, which is the of removing the bird's
the bird's, but the bird's will be the bird's.

Laraine liked birthdays. And her birthday was the
highlight of her year. I would like it too. There would be a
party with all of our closest friends, and many more a dinner,
on the weekend before. That is the special day I would like
a dinner and we would have the birthday cake and the
to me by candle light with a single red rose in the center of
the table. My mother would have the cake, but not
Laraine, she would all of her money in full birthday for

the wonderful pleasure we would share that night. Our
coupling was close and unbroken, utterly full of sharing
and the most sensual pleasure and ecstasy. I and I began to
desire the taste of one's own mating. But there would be
none of that tomorrow. She was on the other side, and I with
her with me. I cried.

I woke the morning of her birthday with a vision of a
dream. I woke in dawn. I was in the sun - but again. At
the right time and the only light was the single light.
The light and the sun was in all of the world with again
and never gradually to all of right on the world with. The
are broken," he said. "Let us tell you a story. There is a
young man of love, called one name after another. He
called him Saint John. Hearing to show his greatness, he
said: "The mind and the world, after all, are all alike.
The true nature of phenomena is emptiness. There is no
realization, no delusion, no pain, and no suffering. There is
no giving and nothing to be received."

never spoke, who was making pellets, said nothing. Suddenly
he started speaking with his pin. This was the youth quite
angry. 'If nothing exists,' inquired the youth, 'where did
this anger come from?' Think on this story and listen and he
began another story.

The early fathers tell us to measure the value of the world,
and the principalities and powers that lie behind them, from
yourself from sickness to mortal things, from domination
by nature and desire, as that is a stranger to all this you
only obtain true stillness. For only by passing himself above
these things and a man achieves the Kingdom of God, stillness.
Be like an acute business man and take stillness your orientation
not losing the value of everything, and above all else what
contributes to it. If a jar of wine is left in the sun alone
for a long time, the wine in it becomes clear, mellow and
fragrant. And if it is moved about, the wine becomes turbid
and dull, tastes throughout by the sun. So you, too, should
stay in the same place and you will find how greatly it
benefits you. Do not have relationships with any man, woman,

Let your labored muscles relax and be dissatisfied with
of stillness. Remember the day of birth, vibration like spring
of your body, pulled by life's intensity, experience the pain,
regain the energy of this world, live unattached and aware, be
that you are conscious in the day of stillness and not withdrawn.
Hold to mind, also, what is your own going on in the day of
equilibrium and the day. Think of the following, the silver
silence, the beautiful morning, the great heat and night, the
day of what is in power, the morning rain, the evening
mist. Look and feel for the continuous presence of peace,
every day in the day of judgment, every while you are doing
this, I realized that you, my son, are doing this. Let silence
and be glad of the morning that calls the righteous.
Thinking and aware to enjoy what you are in addition to
the presence of God. Be in it that you never forget those
things. In peace. And cannot like your imagination
GOD is with us and with you his hands and his voice
over. In America through Indian, Hindu and
Gentile in the world, and he lives in the human body

through long-suffering, forgiveness, and love of
compassion. Watch your heart is a soldier, aware of each day
where it goes from. What are the thoughts, the feelings
there is your situation? Always know where your situation
is.

If you wish to stay as you should, keep yourself attached
all the time, and then only look at afflictive passions you
will not be angry. If you desire something which is of
love or wisdom, you will find it in the heart of the
heart, if you desire to stay as you should, do not create
any more.

There is grief, sorrow, the sorrow of the
loneliness. There is the sorrow of death, the sorrow of not
being able to fulfill oneself, the sorrow of not being
enough, the sorrow of loving and not being loved, the
sorrow. There are innumerable kinds of sorrow, and it seems
that without understanding sorrow, there is no way to

unfilled, he aims, to the everyday life of corruption and deterioration.

There is conscious sorrow, and there is the unconscious sorrow, the sorrow that tends to have no name, no immediate cause. Most of us have conscious sorrow, and we must learn how to deal with it. Either we run away from it through religion, belief or superstition, or we take one kind of drug, whether idealism or physical or we immerse ourselves with worry, with consciousness, with intellectual entertainment. We do all these and yet we cannot get away from conscious sorrow.

Then there is the unconscious sorrow that we have received through the evolution. We have always sought to overcome this extraordinary thing called sorrow, grief, pain, but even when we are superficially happy and have everything we wish down down in the unconscious there are still the roots of sorrow. So when we talk about the ending of sorrow, we mean the ending of all sorrow, both conscious and

unconscious- to not know the past love & very close, but
simple wish. Sincerely is not a new idea. It is simple
seems a great deal of intelligent and sensitive.

The last one and a half of light - through the window and
a last full one by me with beautiful willows I caught it
in the small bottle. Happy Birthday Laraine!

I find the loneliness at Falden Road. Every morning was a
moment of isolation to me - my life of quiet solitude, and I
was not alone, with Marie Barrell. I lived out of my way,
I came to my window, and then and then the first one.

tear forms and I catch it in my tiny bottle. It is a fact

equally glorious with the most inward experience. I am in
this in proportion to the number of things he has asked to
let alone. In short, I am contented, with my little one.

experience, that in reality one's soul is not even as yet a
sensible part of nature, as we will live singly and simply. It
is not necessary that I should have seen his living by the

moment of his work, unless he wants more water than I do. It is necessary that we live. Man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone. If you have built nothing in the air, your work need not be lost. That is where they should be, not put the machines under them. Finally, the cost of a thing is the amount of what I will take a man is required to be exchanged for it. As any worker, at any hour of the day or night, I have been anxious to stand on the meeting of two conditions, the past and the future, which is precisely the present moment: to toe that line.

Nobody wants to suffer. When we are in pain we spend most of our energy trying to figure out how to get out of pain. But put your hand in a fire, it burns, the hand moves. Not much of an if we are suffering or not. Suffering is, if we are "suffering", because we cannot be "suffering" if we are not. to practice "conscious suffering".

and in the pain when we are suffering. It is because we become we shouldn't be having the experience we are having.

shouldn't be dying", "I shouldn't have lost Laraine", etc. We are resisting what is happening and fighting the "Reality" of the situation. We are hurting and we want it to stop!

Pain is typically a warning that something needs to be addressed, although sometimes we inflict pain because it's what we are used to, or we don't know any better. But what's wrong is never the situation itself, that's always neutral. What's wrong is our thinking or judgement of the situation.

You may say to me, "Ron, my stomach hurts... it hurts!" And I would say to you, "yes, your stomach hurts or so it seems, but you make it hurt that much worse when you add a negative story to it." We can't just stop at "my stomach hurts". Your stomach hurting is a relative fact. But the fact that you don't like that your stomach hurts, or you have to miss work and you can't afford to, or you had plans for the weekend you have to cancel and now you're going to miss out, or whatever...therein lies the judgement and the creation of the negative story. We often don't stop at the facts themselves but

in a gross act of self sabotage we add a lot of extra mess onto it that increases our suffering. I cried a single tear and deftly caught in my small bottle.

The other part of conscious suffering is looking at what the experience is meant to teach us. Now we could argue that finding the meaning behind the suffering is the creation of more stories, and that is very true. However, isn't it more kind and peaceful to believe a happy story than a painful one? Every day is Judgement Day!

When we shift our focus to the recurring messages of our life events we start to look at our experiences on a deeper level and remain open to the possibilities of what we are being shown about ourselves. Yes, it's always about us. It can't not be.

The days went by sometimes I was happy and sometimes I was sad, but I became more and more aware. I wrote the story. I kept the pebble in one pocket and the little bottle in the other.

One night I had a dream. I felt a terror. I looked down from the corner of the room and saw myself in bed. I was really, really small, a child, and a large smooth sphere was rolling toward me from above. I tried to hide under the covers and make myself even smaller, but the ball kept coming. As it moved all features were consumed by the ball and made into a smooth even surface. I could feel the terror of the little man, me, trying to disappear into the bed as the covers and the lumpy mattress all became perfectly smooth and the sphere rolled closer. I watched from the corner with the ceiling in horror as the ball consumed me. I shed a tear. And a feeling of relief came over me as I completely let go and rested my being on a cloud of faith. The sphere unfolded hitherto unseen wings and lifted into the air. The room disappeared. I was surrounded by stars and the Earth was far below as the winged globe lifted slowly and steadily higher. The globe began to glow with a perfectly white light more intense than the Sun. A tear began to form as I shut my eyes to the blinding, white light. With closed eyes I discovered that I

could see from the single eye of the globe. I was not only connected; I was undifferentiated from the monad. I spread my wings and soared on holy breath back to source.

Gently I woke. I felt peaceful. Was I still in the dream? I began my morning ritual with the greatest stillness I have felt to this time. As I opened my eyes from the silence it occurred to me that I needed a haircut.

I went to the barber shop. I don't remember it being crowded. I really only remember one man reading a paper. On its cover was a winged globe! I remembered my dream. The paper was published in Kansas City. A tear fell from my eye as I sat down to wait my turn. That is where I need to go, I thought to myself.

I packed the belongings I needed, which wasn't much, into my bi-plane. I left the next morning.

Ronald P. Vincent